

Girls/Girls/Boys

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Girls/Girls/Boys by thewhistleisyourgod

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: DO NOT COME FOR MY DICK OK, F/F, F/M, M/M, NOTHING SEXUAL BETWEEN MINORS BEV AND THE GIRL R OF AGE, avery hockstetter wasn't killed and he's kinda an ass, bev and richie r edgy, bev and stan take french and r rly good, eddie is a dancer, hello beverly is a lesbian, modern fic ft my actual children, stan is very loving and supportive ok dont @ me, they r all seniors but eddie and ben r juniors, this is really angsty, whats new tbh

Language: English

Characters: Avery Hockstetter, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Original Female Character(s), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Beverly Marsh/Original Female Character(s), Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Ben Hanscom, Stanley Uris & Everyone

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Chapters: 2

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Summary:

The "we hooked up this summer when I had no idea who you were and now you go to my school and you're my french tutor" fic nobody asked for.

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“What’s your name again?”

“Does it really matter?”

1. summertime

“What’s your name again?”

“Does it really matter?”

Beverly Marsh sat in the back seat of her beat down car, fastening her bra and reaching around until she found her tank top, watching from the corner of her eye as the girl beside her slipped her short skirt back on and pulled her crop top over her head.

“My name is Bev, by the way.” The girl looked over for the first time since they sat up, lifting the side of her mouth up in a slight grin, frizzy hair blowing slightly in the wind that was caught from the open window.

“Ava.” Wiping stray lipstick from the sides of her lips, Bev reached down to tie up her combat boots, catching sight of her misplaced leather jacket in the front seat.

“So, where are you from?” Bev asked, leaning up again, looking over at the girl beside her, who was shoving her money in her bra and pushing them up.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” With a smirk, the door was opened and Ava was gone.

2. Beginning of the school year

Summary for the Chapter:

If only she knew what she was getting herself into.

The first few days of school went as such for Bev: smoke behind the bleachers with Richie, bond with her new french teacher, and ignore the homework beginning to pile up on her desk at her Aunt's house.

"Did you get your letter yet, Bev?" Eddie is sat on a bench in front of the school, facing towards Bev, shorts riding up his thighs and backpack slung lazily across one of his shoulders, watching her take a puff from her cigarette and squint underneath her sunglasses.

"Is that all you can talk about? You ask me everyday and the answer is still no, Spaghetti. Why don't you go bother Richie?" Bev bit back, still irritated about the entire college subject. She wanted nothing more than to leave Derry and never turn back, but just like everybody else, they were all afraid to leave Eddie and Ben behind in the dust to fend for themselves.

"He gets all mad and huffy when I even mention the word college. So I'm bothering you." Eddie responded, taking a sip of his coffee and shoots her a short smile.

Even though he claimed to be bothering her about it, neither of them continued on with conversation in a chance to save their last sliver of sanity and enjoy the silence before Richie showed up to school and sent it all to hell.

"There's a new girl in my ballet class."

Bev turned her head slightly towards Eddie, a silent nod that asked him to continue speaking even though she was still half-asleep.

"She's pretty. I'm like 75% sure she's going to be sitting with us at lunch. Where is Richie? School starts in like five minutes."

"I dunno, Eds. He's probably sleeping, you know how he is." Bev told nobody, since Eddie's attention had been taken from her, and was

solely on the boy who played football, who was walking up to them, much to Eddie's despair, and Bev's for that matter.

"Am I allowed to leave or are you still afraid to be alone with him?" Eddie sent her a glare and nodded slowly, nervously picking at the frays of her ripped jeans, curls bouncing against his forehead with his head bowed.

"My dear Eds! how are you today?" Richie appeared from behind the bench, pushing his car keys in his pocket and adjusting his jacket, sliding in next to Eddie as Bev stood up, grinning slightly and shaking her head. The football boy had disappeared.

Bev put out her cigarette (after receiving a dirty look from a teacher when she approached the main doors with it) and continued to her locker, still feeling the last remnants of her hangover.

"You look like death, but the good kind of death." Stan greeted her in french class, taking in her ripped mom jeans and one of Eddie's jagged crop tops with little flowers on it, her vans untied and dirty.

"Thanks, Stan. I really appreciate all of the love and support you give me and I only hope that one day you will finally realize how much we're in love so we can get married and have six children, all of their names starting with S in dedication to you and-"

"Shut up, Richie. It's like everyday you come into school more and more like him and it makes me concerned for your future." Bev managed a playful smirk, winking at Stan and leaning into her chair, flipping through her notebook to her notes.

By the end of the class, Bev's headache was entirely gone and she finally felt well enough to reach down and lace up her shoes. She was halfway out the door when the teacher called out her name, and she was backtracked back to his desk.

"Would you be willing to do me a big favor if I promise to give ten extra credit points on your final grade for the year?"

"Ms. Smith, I would marry Jeffrey Dahmer for ten extra credit points."

“Excessive, and I’m glad he’s dead. Anyway, can you tutor a new student for me? Until she gets caught up? I would owe you everything.” Bev thought over her choices: tutor some random freshman probably, or actually have after school time to do stupid shit with her friends. And she didn’t exactly need the extra credit points.

“How long?”

“Just until November, every wednesday after school. What do you say?”

“I’ll do it.”

Notes for the Chapter:

this chapter is rly short and has a lot of dialogue bc i like dialogue rip sry

Author's Note:

this is rly short and bad rip but here's the intro y'all